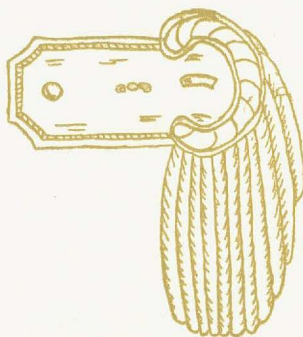
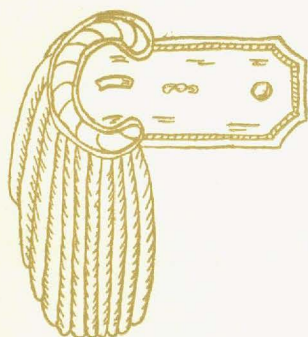


The EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



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ROSE ORTS GONZALEZ

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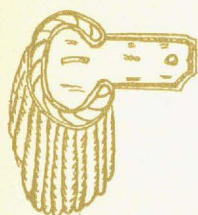
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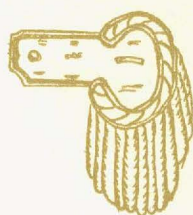
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We've So Little Time

By

ELIZABETH WINFREE

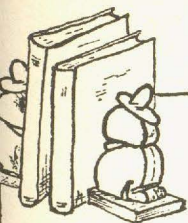
There's a moon in the sky tonight.
It's silver, and it shines on the world.
'Tis a world of war, of murder and fright,
But there's still love for a boy and a girl.

He is with me tonight, in a quiet place,
But tomorrow he knows not where.
'Tis for folks like us he'll be fighting for,
And of it all we're aware.

Loved ones will come and loved ones will go,
Some will come back not the same;
But I'll have faith in my boy when he goes—
He'll be back after winning his fame.

There's be sorrow and tears—I'm expecting that,
But we can't afford to let them down.
We'll be waiting for them when they come back home—
A home that is safe and sound.

"We've only a few minutes left, my dear."
I must be brave, can't you see?
The clock strikes twelve. . . . He'll be going soon. . . .
Please, God, make me brave—make him brave,
And bring him back safely to me.



The Co-Editors' Exit

WITH this issue of THE EPAULET the publishing year comes to a close. The co-editors wish to take this opportunity to express their appreciation to Dr. Shankle for his guidance and cooperation, and to all who have subscribed and contributed articles. If we have fallen short in our work in any way or have left undone any thing that the faculty and student body think we should have done, we are sorry and want to assure you that these shortcomings, if they exist, were errors of human weakness and not intentional. We believe in THE EPAULET and what it stands for. It gives every Mary Washington student the opportunity to write and to get her writings published. We sincerely hope that the students will support THE EPAULET next year 100 per cent with their subscriptions and with their writings, for without these THE EPAULET cannot keep up the high standards it has maintained so far.

—THE CO-EDITORS.

Beyond These Ivy-Covered Walls

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

Beyond these ivy-covered walls
We know so little of life
And the strife that some day soon
May be our own.
We do not know what life is,
Yet hold it within our hands.
Tomorrow, perhaps, we shall see,
And smile, as one who understands.
Tomorrow a new world
Of wisdom and a glorious future, begun
By the opening of the door of life
By her spirit—Mary Washington!

Some far year we will remember
A falling tear and how autumn came in September—
Leaves of gold, then soon gone
And suddenly—a winter dawn
Brisk and cold.
“If winter comes can spring be far behind?”
And so tomorrow will have grown—not old,
But wise with eyes that see—not blind.

The Angel

By

ROSE ORTS GONZALEZ

HE didn't look in the least like his name—he hadn't the blue eyes, golden hair, or cherubic expression one associates with the angelic host; on the contrary, his eyes were as black as shoe buttons and his hair gleamed like a patent leather slipper. Why, he wasn't even the right size to be singled out by the most careless observer as a straggler from any heavenly throng. He was all of five feet three inches tall, and was really quite old—all of thirty-five. Even though he wasn't all in appearance that his name implied, he took over the duties of guardian angel of our home with an interest and vigor that even the most zealous nursemaid would have envied.

The whole thing started when Daddy rented an apartment from The Angel in the little town of Malaga. Daddy didn't realize that besides six rooms and bath he was getting watch-dog service for his adolescent daughters. To him The Angel appeared to be the ordinary landlord who was insistent that everything be just what we wanted. When we arrived from London, we were introduced to him and from then on it seemed that he had taken us on as his own earthly mission.

His interest in us never wavered—and, coupled with an almost avid interest in antiques, it was almost fatal. One morning he appeared at the door with two workmen at his heels, who were bent almost double under the

weight of a huge mirror. "For las señoritas," he exclaimed in high glee, fairly dancing in anticipation of the pleasure he would give us. We looked at each other in bewilderment—we certainly couldn't use a mirror that size in our room unless we laid it on the floor, and we knew that would do untold damage to The Angel's feelings. When he was convinced of the fact that to hang such a mirror was impossible, he turned to Mother as his next victim. "For la senora." Mother watched in fear and trembling while the gigantic thing was hung from ceiling to floor; and though she was fearful that it might come crashing down on her head some night, she didn't wish to hurt The Angel's feelings by refusing to have it around.

Encouraged by his success, he continued searching for antiques with which to brighten our life. I never will forget the evening we came home from the movies to find The Angel and his henchmen whistling while they upholstered all the chairs with red tapestry. Of course, they really belonged to The Angel, but we had to use the chairs throughout a hot summer and we didn't relish the thoughts of living with such gaudy colored furniture; and then there was the time when we came home to find a heavily carved wooden screen gracing one end of our dining-room. Screens are all right, but this one seemed intended for a choir loft—not

the dining-room of a six-room apartment. It created a menace every time any one walked by it, for fear it would take that very minute to tumble over.

Showering us with antiques was only one way The Angel had of showing us that he had our interest at heart. We rarely ever left the house without being subjected to a complete bombardment of questions from him as to where we were going, what we expected to do, and when we would return. His interest in us got to be a family joke, except with our cook, who considered us her property. One day The Angel came up to visit us and saw me wearing glasses for the first time. Apparently he could admit no fault in our make-ups; so my glasses could not be any sign of physical weakness. He turned to Mother and said, "The fashion is very becoming to her." "Fashion, my foot!" I wanted to say, "this is a downright necessity."

The climax came one summer evening when we had company. Daddy had invited a young man to be our guest during his stay in Malaga. It was unfortunate that Joe should pick the very week-end that Daddy was in Madrid. All went well until after supper when Joe realized that he would have to return to the station to secure his luggage. To let a visitor start out in a strange town was unheard of; so Mother delegated me to act as guide. There stood The Angel at his usual post outside the gate to see just who came and went. He gave me a quizzical look as we passed him. "Where do you think you are going?" I could almost hear him say, but for once he kept his questions to himself. The evening turned out to

be far more exciting than we had anticipated, for in the course of the journey I got lost, so it was very late when we returned home. The street was dark and deserted—deserted except for that lone figure standing by our gate. As we passed, he did not speak to us. He just gave us one baleful look and turned away. I thought nothing of it until the next day when, bright and early, upstairs came The Angel. He stood there in unaccustomed shyness; finally he got around to the question which had been bothering him, "Is the senorita engaged?" Mother couldn't help laughing. The fact that we'd only known the boy twelve hours added amusement to the situation. We made such fun of his basing an engagement on one walk in the evening that it put a damper on his interest.

I sometimes wonder, in the years that have passed and the changes which have come to life in Spain, whether The Angel ever found anyone in whom to fix his interest as he had on us. His last service to us was very touching. On the morning my sister and I set sail for America, he presented us each with a bouquet of flowers picked from his own garden. It was all right to have flowers, but with all the other things we found we must carry, they really proved quite a burden.

When we wrote back to Mother concerning our trip we had to tell her that the flowers had been short lived, for the stewardess discovered that they were populated with ants and that they must be thrown overboard. Though his interest was a little misguided, we have yet to find another Angel who cared so much for our welfare.

I'd Marry Him

By

LEE HALL

HILDA settled back on the sofa with a sigh of contentment—another blessed Saturday afternoon to be spent as she wished, with no pupils to contend with, no school matters to worry her until Monday made its appearance. But today was hers, to do with it what she wished, and if the day stretched out eternally that was the only concern of one old maid school teacher, Hilda Stone.

The phone rang several times before it aroused Hilda from her intense absorption in a current novel.

It was little Miss Beth Pretty, newest addition to the high school faculty.

"May I come by to see you, Miss Stone?" she asked excitedly. And when Hilda hesitated, she went on hurriedly, "It's something terribly important that I want to talk over with you."

In a few moments, Hilda heard her eager footsteps on the stairs. Rather ashamed of her lack of hospitality on the phone, Hilda hurried to the door to meet her guest.

"It certainly can't be anything tragic," thought Hilda, as she went about making her guest feel at home. "Why, Beth actually has stars dancing in her eyes."

Beth finally got her coat off and settled herself on the sofa with a box of candy. "Now tell me," Hilda questioned, "why you were so excited over the phone."

"I was excited when I talked to you,"

Beth exclaimed. "In fact, I dashed out and forgot my hat."

"So I noticed," commented Hilda dryly. "But let's get down to the causes—not the results."

"Well, Miss Stone, it's happened!" Beth announced dramatically.

"Just as I thought; Jim has asked you to marry him."

"How did you know, Miss Stone?" Beth asked in amazement.

"I may be an old maid, but I'm not deaf and blind yet. Tell me about it. When did you see him?" Hilda went on, her face catching some of the excitement reflected from Beth's eyes.

"It was last night," Beth said. "He has a week-end leave and managed to get here last night. Oh, but, Miss Stone, he wants me to marry him right away, and I just couldn't marry him now."

"Does he have to go back?"

"Yes; Sunday night," moaned Beth. "He knows he will be in actual combat duty, but he doesn't know where. It's all so uncertain——" Beth's voice trailed off in a sort of a sob, as she contemplated the short time they would have together.

"And he wants you to marry him before he goes away?" As Beth nodded her head, Hilda went on, almost to herself, "It's the same story all over again."

"What did you say?" asked Beth.

"Nothing, nothing at all. What did you tell Jim?"

"I told him I wouldn't marry him. I'll wait for him as long as the war lasts, but it just wouldn't be fair to me . . . or to him, to be married when everything looks so uncertain."

"Everything except the fact that you love him—you do love him, don't you, Beth?"

"Yes, I told him I loved him, but what else could I do? Oh, Miss Stone, I didn't want to get married like that. Please tell me what I should do."

"Why ask me?" Hilda commented, a little sharply. "I'm just a foolish old maid."

"I had to ask some one and you're the only one I know. What shall I do, what shall I do? I love him, but——"

"You're twenty-one, aren't you, Beth? You have taught school for one year; I've been teaching twenty-one. I've never married. You don't want that to happen to you, do you, Beth?" Hilda went on without waiting for an answer. "You want to be married, and you want to be sure of having someone who will be with you afterwards."

"Am I being selfish?"

"No, I suppose not. It's natural, perfectly so. Beth, I'm going to tell you—not what to do, but what *I* did."

"*You!*" exclaimed Beth as if she hardly believed what she heard.

"Yes, Beth, though it may sound incredible to you now that I'm 'fair, fat, and forty,' I was once madly in love with a soldier. Just as you are now."

"But you didn't marry him."

"No," said Hilda thoughtfully. "I

didn't marry him. The same thing happened to him that is happening to Jim. He had a few days off before leaving—wanted me to marry him before he sailed. I'd do it now if I had to live over again. But I was young then, young and very foolish. I thought I was broadminded when I told him it was best for us to wait. Wait until the war was over and he could support me, for I didn't want an uncertain feeling about the future, either. I didn't want to be called 'Mrs.' until I knew that I'd always have a husband by my side who could provide for me. He pleaded with me—we were entitled to something, even if it couldn't last long. We shouldn't wait—he might never come back, and we would have wanted to be married. If he did come back, we'd be doubly happy always. It almost killed him when I told him I wouldn't marry him—that I'd wait for him until the war was over, and that he'd come back to me then. I'd never tell him that now. I can see how selfish I was."

"Perhaps you knew you really didn't love him," suggested Beth.

"But I knew that I loved him very much. I thought if he were to go away and never return, I could get over it. I could learn to love someone else. This, I realized, would hurt, but I thought I could do it—and that I could marry that someone else if Ralph didn't come back. My parents agreed I mustn't spoil my life for any man—not even Ralph's. They thought I was too young to marry. I was too young to realize that true love comes to some people and never to others. That was my once, if only I had realized it."

Hilda paused. "I never saw him again after that night when I told him I wouldn't marry him until he returned. I heard from him before he sailed—poor Ralph, he still wanted me to take the train and come to him. Even after he stopped writing, even after his family had given him up, I continued to write to him. Finally I realized it was hopeless, but even then I couldn't believe I'd never see him again. Then as time went on I determined not to let a memory spoil my life. I tried to forget him."

"You mean other men?" asked Beth, completely absorbed in the story which was unfolding before her.

"Yes, other men. There were some I came to admire, and some I became fond of, but no one who could take Ralph's place. Ken was one of them. He offered me happiness and security, but when he asked me to marry him I kept thinking of that other time when Ralph proposed and I had refused him, loving him as much as I did. I couldn't marry Ken because . . . just because I realized I'd never love anyone else. Well, Beth, don't you see why I say I would marry Ralph now? If I had known how hopeless my life would be, I would have married him. Fool that I was to cheat myself out of the little happiness we might have known. Now, do you know what you are going to do about Jim? Have I helped you to decide?"

"Need you ask, Miss Stone? What did you do with my coat? I must hurry: I must tell him right away. How could I have been so blind? Thank you so much for showing me." And off she rushed to the door; her light footsteps could be heard as she rushed down the steps.

"She's gone. Gone to Jim. Well, that's that," Hilda sighed as she settled herself again on the sofa. "I suppose I should call Jim and offer my congratulations."

She walked slowly to the phone.

"Operator . . . 91254, please. . . . Hello, Jim? This is Hilda Stone. Yes? Beth has been over here, just left, in fact. You'll soon see her as she is on her way to find you. Congratulations! Yes, it's true. . . . You ask how I persuaded her when you couldn't? I told her a story. No, it wasn't about you, but about something that might have happened to me. . . . She's there, you say? I'll call again some time. And, Jim, I hope you will be very happy."

"It might have happened to me," repeated Hilda softly as she walked slowly back to resume her seat on the sofa. She gave a bitter little laugh as she continued talking to herself. "We old maids have nothing but imagination, Jim. And we'd be more content without even that! Nothing but imagination!" Hilda buried her head in the pillow and sobbed to herself.



To Someone Out There

By

LESLEY CARROLL ANDERSON

It's difficult to put in words
Thoughts that whirl in my brain,
The emotions that throng inside me
Are so hard to explain.

Cold, impersonal letters
Inadequately express
The things I want to tell you,
The things I must confess.

But words are all I have now
And so I'll do my best
To tell you how I feel, dear;
You can guess the rest.

You're far away from home now,
Your sacrifice is great;
You're fighting for a cause that's right
And I can only wait.

You've got your eye on victory
Beyond the end of your gun,
And you won't be mine completely
Until your work is done.

America is always first,
And as you do your part,
I am proud to know I own
Second place in your heart.

"Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell,"
But I can live for the day of peace
When there'll be no more—farewell.

I won't complain; I have no right,
With so much I can be giving.
There are no complaints for those who have
Only the worries of living.

So good luck, dear; please don't forget
The happiness we've known,
And I'll be waiting, my darling,
When you at last come home.

How to Antagonize Your Roommate

By

JOYCE DAVIS

ARE you one of those bright, cheerful people with whom it is a pleasure to live? Well, if you are, for the sake of variety, lend an ear. There have been dozens of books written on *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, but not one, to my knowledge, on *How to Antagonize the Roommate*.

It is best to start early in this game, so the very first thing to do is to announce firmly and happily to the unsuspecting girl that your mother is sending some new curtains for the room, and won't that be nice! Mother visited me last week, you know. Before she has survived the first shock, it's a good idea to follow through by leaving your clothes all draped over the chairs and beds. Let your motto be, "Never hang up anything."

When you converse, if you still do by this time, always monopolize the conversation. Keep telling her what a marvelous family you have; how cute your little brother is and how simply wonderful the "one and only" is. Dwell on him at great length and don't let up, even if she looks pale and annoyed. The best time to do this is after lights are out or during study hour, when she has three hundred pages of parallel history to read.

While she cleans up the room, which she learned to do regularly after the first four weeks, don't go out of the room. Sit on the bed and lighten her task with helpful suggestions as to

where to move the beds and dresser next. After such treatment, she is a dope to stay even in the same dormitory with you.

However, if you don't wish to close in for the kill too quickly, use these two ideas: They are a little more subtle. When she gets a letter hang over her shoulder while she reads it. After all, she is your roommate; or if you go for the mail, which should be very seldom, put all of hers in your pocket and forget to give it to her for a week or so.

No doubt, she will get boxes from home and, in an effort to be kind, she will offer you some of their contents. Dive in and partake generously. Even if she's out of the room, invite your friends in to have a feast.

Then, of course, there's the matter of her date. When he comes for the week-end, be sure that you meet him the first thing and don't let her have a minute alone with him.

You have carried on your campaigning for at least six weeks now. She, your beloved roommate, has stood up under the strain very well, so you commit the final guaranteed-to-do-the-trick act. Just invite several of your girl friends in to spend the night with you. Of course, you must accidentally forget to mention it to her until the last minute. You will need her bed and she will have to move out for the night, and maybe for the rest of the quarter. Anyway, it serves you right for being so mean.

The Things I Like

By

JOYCE DAVIS

I like peace—
Quiet peace, serene peace,
A peace that surrounds one
Entirely as in a dream.
I want peace of mind
To cover me completely—
To never have to worry again.

I like joy—
The joy that comes
When one views again
A favorite scene.
The joy of greeting
An old friend
Long absent.

I like security—
I want it more
Than anything I know;
For with it comes
Peace, joy, and all
Those things that clamor
At the door, waiting to be let in.

Reported Missing

By

SUZANNE NORTON

HE is reported missing in Tunisia. I received that wire just before I went to bed. When they say missing, it's just the same as saying . . . but that isn't true. It's like saying that the sky is gray, but you know tomorrow it'll be blue. No; I don't believe them; I don't believe them.

Didn't the sun come up yesterday? It couldn't rise without him.

Isn't my heart still beating? It couldn't beat unless his were, too. Reported missing. Reported missing.

Listen! The birds are singing, and the squirrels, see? They're playing. The dogs aren't howling and they would if they knew he were more than reported missing.

He'll come back—he'll come back to me.

Medals are given for bravery and his is placed with the others on the memorial . . . reported missing, and they play a haunting melody, for him . . . for the . . . reported missing.

Say what you may, he's coming back, back to me some day.

So, if you see him, some place, some where, will you tell him for me that I shall wait . . . wait for him. I shall wait till there is no more light, till the dog's bark is a howl, till the lilt of a song has gone, till smiles are long placed by frowns, and the church bells are muted instead of ringing, till the stars twinkle not . . . like the distant chasms of . . .

That's when I'll know that it is more than reported missing, for he's . . . That's when I'll know, for then I'll join him. "Reported missing."



A Student's Wish in the Spring

By

JEWELL SPENCER

If I and my books alone could be
Somewhere beneath a greenwood tree,
I would then learn just what I choose,
Have my own thoughts and read others' views;
Study in Nature's quiescent school,
A liberated soul, without any rules.

To Tschaiowsky's Symphonies

By

PATRICIA LEE CULLINS

Oh, singing notes, sparkling and clear,
Where did you come from? Did you hear
Thru the ether the call of your master
And then come tumbling faster and faster
To whirl and circle in his brain?

Or did you lie latent in his mind
Just hidden there for him to find
And put upon his precious score
That music which forevermore
Would live right down the ages?

He took you and fashioned a story
Of beauty in all of its glory.
A poem of courage, truth, and gladness
Which ended in joy, though it started in sadness—
A song which made him immortal.

Oh, you who were gifted with eternal life,
Do you rest uneasy, full of strife
Within yourself? Be calm and know
That for this deed, you did not go
To dust. You live forevermore.

A Dedication of the Seniors

By

LEE HALL

I STAND upon green grass—above me is the blue sky . . . the wind is gentle; the day warm. Within myself I feel the desire to make of myself something finer, truer, better. I want to give myself—any time, any ability I may have—to something large and good. What that something is I have still to find. . . .

Stroll along a campus walk; look upward and see a flag floating from the top of a building. Patriotism; love of country; service to my country. Is this the thing to which my efforts should be given? I have been told to dedicate myself to "My God, my family, and my country." I partially realize the seriousness and danger of my nation's situation. I want to help. Certainly part of my life I owe to my country. I think of lines of a poem I learned in grammar school . . . "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, 'This is my own, my native land?'" I resolve to show that love of country and say:

"To every soldier, sailor, and marine who is fighting for my country, I will give my best support today, tomorrow, and until victory is won."

But this is not enough. I owe my loyalty and love to more than a country, for there is home. Home, which has been called a haven and a refuge; the center of love and happiness, and above all, the place where my family

will always welcome me. Surely I owe to my parents all that I am, for through them I have been taught and cared for. I must not forget this home, nor my parents. They will grow old while I am yet young, and it is then more than ever that they will need my love and my help. It is my privilege to help them. To them I dedicate a promise always to honor them, to support them, to love them. . . .

When a load of bricks dumped on a vacant lot can build a house of themselves, when a bushel of wheat can change itself into bread loaves, then I may believe that creation and being are accidental and not the result of a guiding intelligence known as God. Until such things as these happen, I shall continue to believe in God, and try to do those things which we acknowledge as right. Here is another dedication for me—to those ideals which are higher and better—to the God of home and country. . . .

And still I have to dedicate my heart to something which has taught me to appreciate these things that are dear—Mary Washington College. I am the Mary Washington girl, and to this school I give my thanks. For the knowledge that comes from books and that I have gained from study, I am grateful. But I am far more thankful for what is simply "the spirit of the place"—for friends made and kept; for

teachers, understanding and patient. I believe firmly in the training of the individual student to become a person suited to meet life on any level.

I, the Mary Washington student,

thank you, my college, through whom I have learned to serve more fully the finer ideals which I have found.

To you, Mary Washington College, I the student, give myself in dedication!

Lines Written on March Third

By

JEWELL SPENCER

White snowdrops
Little snowdrops,
Fall on and on,
For, as time doth fly
On Eternity's wind,
Thou art recalling time again.
How well I remember the days of my youth
When thy white coldness
Thrilled my being, and forced me
To wander and play
Far, far away.

The Flying Guardian

By

SUZANNE NORTON

THE week was very dull. Low clouds had kept the enemy bombers grounded at their home fields. Occasionally we could hear the ominous thud of the *ack-acks* when some observation plane came over on a reconnaissance flight.

The clouds were like lids being lowered on our coffins. Friday night frolicksome winds started rounding up the clouds over us, shoving and pushing them towards the northern seas. An underlying current ran through the whole squadron; we didn't live for anything but to be in the skies with the throbbing motor of a two hundred and fifty horse power ship singing in our ears.

We sat around the Officers' Club smoking and chatting. All of us were extremely quiet; we were waiting for official word—the proof that our coffin lids were off. But, until then, despite jumpy nerves and shaky hands, we sat there grinding our teeth, staring through the hazy, smoke-filled room.

Lord! When those orders came through, twenty men stepped out of their coffins, stamped on their cigarettes, and threw their Coca-Cola bottles hard against the wall. We didn't need

cigarettes and drinks to keep us going; we'd had word. We were going up!

We walked to the black, vibrating monsters that were our ships by the light of a ghostly moon that was smiling with the knowledge of what we were to do. Avengers.

We followed our squadron leader at ten-second intervals, winging our way south and a little west over the still burning fires of London and the dark, sleeping cliffs of Dover. Thirty minutes out, we ceased going south and went up, getting as much altitude as we could.

When we reached our ceiling, we started cruising around, looking. We were like fighting giants on a high hill, restlessly moving around, watching over the landscape, waiting for impending dangers. And, like true knights, we met our foe defiant, blasting him to eternity. Down we dove from the clouds, our engines sounding like screaming, fighting eagles. The unsuspecting bombers were easy prey for us. We finished them off and went back to our drome or limped on into the field. It was just a day's work—glory to some. In my room was an air-mail letter from my wife, Elaine. The stork had left us a ten-pound boy, another flying guardian perhaps.

Secret

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

NO matter how desperate for smokes any male member of my family happened to be he never asked Grandfather for a cigarette, and visitors were always warned.

Five feet four, small-boned and even-tempered, one would always find him, regardless of season, seated next to the kitchen stove, an ever-present cigarette-holder between his lips. Grandfather, despite his 70 years, was a chain smoker.

But Grandfather's cigarettes were another matter. Claiming that ready-packed brands were an insult to true smokers, Grandfather rolled his own, buying the strongest tobacco the small shop on Lafayette Street possessed.

Many a healthy and robust man became racked with fits of coughing after smoking one of Grandfather's specials. I've watched my own father, frantic for want of a smoke, hastily refuse Grandfather's proffered offering, yet frightened lest he be tempted, rush out in the cold of a Northern winter night to walk six blocks in order to buy cigarettes.

But Grandfather, completely oblivious to the devastating effects of his hand-rolled, without the slightest symptom of a cough, sat near the kitchen stove, day after day, serenely smoking his notorious cigarettes.

One night, while gazing wonderingly at my venerable sire emitting vast quantities of smoke, the truth of the whole puzzling enigma came to light.

"Grandfather," I asked, awed by my discovery, "do you inhale?"

That slow, loving smile I knew so well spread over his thin face.

"No, Nana," he said, "but let it remain a secret between us."

And so when Mother, appalled at the dire effects just one of Grandfather's cigarettes had on Uncle, who gasped and sputtered like mad, would begin another one of her pleas for the old man to change to a milder tobacco—our eyes would meet—and Grandfather would slyly wink—and as long as he lived it remained our secret.



The Casualties of War

By

JANE AVERY

I'm just a poor, bewildered male
In a crazy woman's world;
Every job I try I fail,
And they're taken by the girls.

Our house is in an awful mess,
Wife has joined the WAACs;
Bill has gone to war, and Tess
Runs around in tailored slacks.

The maid just up and left last week
To operate a drill.
I do dishes 'til I'm weak,
And never eat my fill.

Jimmy comes running in from school
With letters from the folks;
Mom's learning to ride a mule,
"Take care of yourself," she jokes.

Bill is bouncing in a jeep
Across the dry Sahara;
He sends five bucks—to keep!
Jim gets shoes tomorrow.

Tess is now a nurses' aid.
Thank heavens for a skirt!
Today I hired another maid
To help scrape up the dirt.

Good news! Things are looking up,
Mom gets a furlough soon;
Jimmy's dog has seven pups,
And Tess will wed in June.

If I can bear a few more weeks
Of this eternal mess;
Never again will I be meek
To Mom, and maid, and Tess.

Oh, yes! I'll make it clear and plain,
It's not a woman's world;
We men must fight and gain
The glory for the girls.

Strange Reasoning

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

I WAS in my room typing fastly and furiously on a belated theme for my English Literature course, when Lucy, the colored maid, brought me my mail. Fascinated by the steady click of the keys under my flying fingers, she said in an awed voice, "Lawd, Ah reckon it takes a pow'ful long time to learn to typewrite."

Amused by her obvious admiration, I tried quickly to remedy this delusion. "Heck, no! Lucy," I said. "It's easy. Come sit down and I'll show you how."

Puzzled by the negative response and vehement protestations this invitation of mine aroused in Lucy, who kept insisting that such a feat was a virtual impossibility on her part, I asked wonderingly, "Why, Lucy! What makes you so positive you can't do it?"

"Aw, shucks, Miss Mary," she replied, "Ah can't never ever learn to typewrite—I'se left-handed!"

I gasped—she left—and the argument ended.



Speak Forth Your Heart

By

SALLIE ROLLER

Ten thousand church spires, towering o'er
A land in mighty strife,
With pride and bloodshed mingling
And hurt and heartaches rife.
Amid the clamber of the guns,
Beneath the warbirds soaring
There is a dream in Christian hearts
Of peace that is enduring.
One breathless, shining hope, we see,
One dauntless, glowing ember—
The hope that men may turn to Thee,
That hearts may still remember.

Thoughts On A Lonely Night

By

SUSAN TILLSON

A HEAVY mist of memories mills into my room and saturates my thoughts. They murmur silently in their own peculiar way, bringing with them treasured gifts of happiness and pain. Everything he said, all the dreams we knew are as dear and close as if a year were yesterday. Molten moonbeams pour into a mold of dazzling light and form a replica of him. I see him sitting, as he always did, composed and calm. Once more his eyes watch me and burn with tender love.

Oh, dreams that burn, that bring this wretched longing tearing at my heart—go, go, and leave me with no mind, to live forgetful of the past and heed-

less of the future. I speak of joy and think of him. Dear God, is that the only joy I'll have, the only love I'll own? A love so great and strong is not an earthly thing; would I were dead to know that love once more. I had one great love, the nearest thing to heaven—it was too great to last.

Oh, dreams, full-scented, soft-spoken, keep me company tonight and all my life to come. And when I weary with my mortal load and this loveless world, sing me your song. And then I'll hear his voice ringing soft and low, and hear him call my name.

The molded image moves, and he is close to me once more, his hand in mine.



Two By Two

By

SALLIE ROLLER

Quietly, all unasked,
Simply uplifting,
Love comes to you and me
Shining and breathless.

Memory

By

SALLIE ROLLER

Remembrance, the ebb-tide
Of life
Ever draws us back
Resigned and all submissive
To strength that is beyond our comprehension.
The days have gone
And come
Filled with fragrant moments
Dear and full of meaning
All fraught with tenderness in hearts that understand.
The loves that flamed
Within us
Now are smothered,
Forgotten—not debased, but just
Neglected in the rush of each day's living.
When suddenly—
There comes the hidden tide of silent mem'ry
Transfixing everything for one brief moment
Poignant and revealing, tantalizing
Every fibre with impossible desirings.
For memory never can be wholly neutral,
If pleasant, it evokes that sudden longing—
When it is sad, a whisper of unhappiness
Clings round the heart in brief disquietude.
And all the while
Life flows.
Rushes toward the shore,
Crashes eternally against the rocks and sands
To be drawn back into the deep by an unseen,
Irresistible hand.

Are You Listening, America?

By

SUSAN TILLSON

IT was in September, 1939, and foreign nations were at war. Quietly the drums of war beat in steady tempo. You heard them, America, but that war was none of your business. You turned your ears within yourself. The tattoo of drums was left unnoticed, and it was no more to you than the annoying drone of a mosquito. Then, one bright, Sunday morning in December the bubble burst, and you and your people believed you were invincible. You became very optimistic when you heard the sound of your people at work with the accelerated war program and the songs of your soldiers as they prepared to fight overseas. The plans of your leaders, the faith and work of your people, the courage and strength of your armed forces gave you confidence. You heard the dictators' threats, the drone of their planes, the snarl of their tanks, and this was your answer.

Yes, you heard all this, I know, America. But have you really been listening well? Did you know there's another voice—another voice to heed, and not so far away this time? It comes from within your own self—your own people. Everywhere you turn you can hear this whispering voice. It is disunity, America.

You can find it in the heart of your capital. Here, in Washington, is the nucleus from which all leadership and direction should emanate, yet these very

leaders are sometimes accused of putting obstacles in the path of improvements for the sake of personal interests. Petty politics and graft seem to run havoc, toying with victory. There's grumbling in the offices, grumbling in the departments, grumbling in Congress. Have you heard that voice, America? It has one meaning—disunity!

And you can hear it in the workers, America. They have more reason to lose confidence in themselves than in the Government they so strongly criticize. They have their leaders, too, who seem to be beset with greed and desire for power. Your workers are misled by these leaders to think only of increasing their wages to live a comfortable, easy life. Do they realize that if their demands were accepted, it would start the ravage of inflation? This voice of disunity has risen to a wild clamor—so wild that they forget they're in this war, too; they forget that production comes first; they forget that your sons, their sons, are fighting, dying, and in desperate need of the very materials these workers produce. They forget—and personal ease and comfort come first. They can never say they are fighting to win this war! This is disunity, America!

The morbid tone of that word—disunity—reaches every town and home. You'll hear it when someone says, "I

know where I can get meat without any points." Black markets. You'll hear it when one of your men says, "I wonder if I can get a soft job in Washington to keep out of this mess." Draft dodgers. You'll hear it when someone says, "How much is in it for me?" Graft. It's the little people, too, people that think it's smart to get away with something, people that think it's smart to break rules and run the risk of being caught, people that think it's smart to get something for nothing. Those are the people who support the black markets, who use counterfeit gas books, who hoard—and then complain. You can't avoid it, America. You'll find it everywhere.

There is an answer, America. There is a way to win this war. You know it as well as I do—it is unity. Unity? What does it mean? It is a unity of spirit and ideals and forgetting of personal interests. All work, thought, and energy have to be molded to one single

purpose—not outward unity worn as a shell, but sincere, heart-felt unity. The officials must be of the same mind as the laborers; the housewife the same as the financier. From the miner to college students, to leaders—all—everyone must have the same driving desire, the same inspiration, so that working, sacrificing, and breathing in harmony we will win this war. That is unity, America.

But do we have it, America? Everywhere you turn, all you hear is disunity. Disunity isn't anything tangible; it isn't like the Fifth Column movements; it isn't started by speeches or waves of flags. It is expressed everywhere from mind to mind, from mouth to mouth. It's like a slow, quiet, underlying murmur, so imperceptible you have to stop your rapid clamor of war-making and victory calls to hear it. An underlying murmur—do you hear it now?

Listen, America, and heed!



Is It Spring?

By

BEULAH SPAIN

ARE we aware of the symphony of sight and sound—of birds pouring out their glad melodies—of the flowers flaunting their bright colors and sweet perfume?

Yes, there's springtime on the hill-top, but is there springtime in our hearts? I wonder. Casualty lists pour into the War Department, and from its office came an announcement of the death of a Fredericksburg boy, a combat pilot who left with the hope of sharing in the final victory. "Killed en route" was his epitaph. We cannot say this is spring when a million deaths deny the beginning of new life.

We say spring is a time of beauty. Everywhere we see flowers—tulips, jonquils, pansies. We notice fruit trees in bloom, and we use words such as fresh, sweet, and rain-washed to describe our idea of spring. But let us stop and think of the maimed soldiers—of the marine who lost his sight serving his country at Guadalcanal. Will he see now the real beauty of spring? Can we say spring is beautiful?

To us, this season is a time of growth. During the winter months, fields lie fallow, but with the advent of spring, tiny green sprouts break through the hard earth and grow to fill the vast wheat and cornfields of the Middle West. But

is it a time of normal growth when representatives from thirty-eight nations must confer in an effort to avert a world famine? It cannot be, while fields are plowed by tanks and harrowed by bombs.

We think of spring as a time of hope and promise—when new problems are undertaken. We think, dream and plan, but what of the hopes and dreams of the young men who are inducted into the army? Their spring must be postponed, and of the women whose husbands will never return. What a frost for the springtime! Is it a time of hope and promise?

It is obvious to even the most superficial judgment that the inexorable laws of nature continue as God ordained in their proper relation to the seasons—yet man, who alone among God's creatures, has the power of self-determination, is denying himself the enjoyment of the natural rebirth.

The only true spring is the spring in one's heart. As long as chaos, hatred, and disorder prevail, the world is still in the grip of winter. Only by casting away the wintry weapons of war and taking up the implements of peace will we build a true and lasting springtime in the hearts of the people of the world.

We Interrupt The Program

By

SALLIE ROLLER

The world has changed.
We cannot find, today,
The landmarks we once loved
Near home.

The vacant lot behind the house
Is taken now—they've built.
And the old city picnic grounds
Has factories to the hilt.
The farmstead's on an army post,
The lane is marked "Restricted";
All the welcome signs out there
By rules are contradicted.
And even home's not quite the same—
The homefolks still remember
The sad, sick fear that swept their hearts
That seventh of December.
It's just that nothing's quite the same,
Either here or "over there."
Our world has changed . . .
Where can we turn?
O where, O where, O where?

INDEX OF AUTHORS

ANDERSON, LESLEY CARROLL, is a freshman, now living in Quantico, Virginia. She is majoring in elementary education. However, she is particularly interested in horseback riding and collecting both toy animals and pictures.

EVERY, JANE, is a student from Spotsylvania County, just outside of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Jane is an art major and dramatics minor, but she can also be found working in the E. Lee Trinkle Library.

AZIZ, MARY ALICE, is a junior, born in Constantinople, Turkey, but now lives in New Britain, Connecticut. She is majoring in both English and Commerce; one of the Co-Editors of THE EPAULET, and a Modern Portia.

CULLINS, PATRICIA LEE, is a freshman, now living in Annapolis, Maryland. She has lived in Hawaii formerly. At Mary Washington College Pat is taking a liberal arts course, and she has a particular interest in both music and art.

DAVIS, JOYCE, a junior from Berryville, Virginia, is majoring in English. She is the editor of *The Bullet*.

GONZALEZ, ROSE ORTS, a senior from Richmond, Virginia, a major in dietetics, is one of the Co-Editors of THE EPAULET.

HALL, LEE, President of the Senior Class, is from Saltville, Virginia. She is a music major and is very much interested in radio broadcasting.

ROLLER, SALLIE, a junior from Grundy, Virginia, is a major in English and Commerce. She is Vice-President of Alpha Phi Sigma and a Modern Portia.

SPAIN, BEULAH, is a senior from Church Road, Virginia. Beulah has a major in elementary education and a minor in music. She is the Exchange Editor of THE EPAULET.

SPENCER, JEWEL, is a senior from Martinsville, Virginia. She is a major in English and dramatics and also one of the Art Editors of THE EPAULET.

TILLSON, SUSAN, a sophomore interested in a major in English, is a member of the German Club.

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